

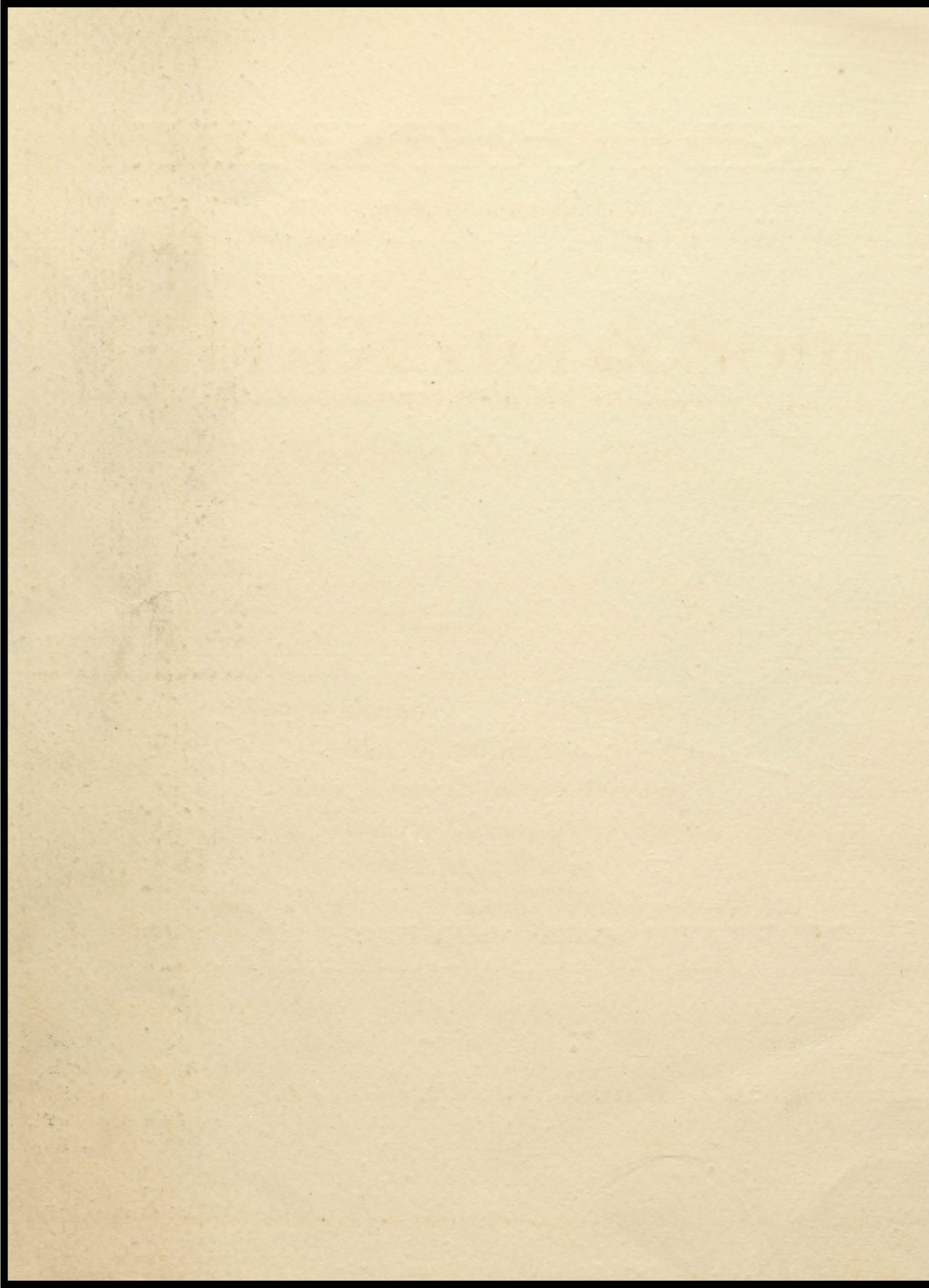
The High School Herald



Vol. IX. No. 3.

June, 1919

Published once each term by the Windsor Locks High School,
Windsor Locks, Connecticut.



TO THE MEMBERS OF
THE CLASS OF 1919

whose readiness and willingness to
make their school paper a success,
this commencement issue of the
Herald is inscribed : : : : :

The High School Herald

for

June, 1919

BUSINESS BOARD.

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CLASS SONG, "FAREWELL."

Tune, "A Perfect Day."

We have come to the end of our high school
days,
And the end of a journey too;
But we'll cling to our aims that are big and
strong,
And our classmates so kind and true.
Can you think what the end of this parting
day
Can mean to these sad hearts,
As the sun goes down on our high school
days,
And these classmates have to part?

Windsor Locks High School we bid you
farewell,
To our teachers and schoolmates dear;
Fond memories in our hearts shall dwell,
Of the good times we've had here.
Oh, memories of busy hours we spent
As over our task we've bent,
But We'll never forget the school on the
hill,
Where we've worked with a good will.

We have come to the end of our high school
life,
And we'll enter in Life's School.
Tho' to-night there is sadness in our hearts
There is gladness in our eyes,
For 1919's sons are we!
Its spirit never dies.
And we find at the end of our parting day
The doors of the world open wide.

To you, Alma Mater, we'll be loyal, for aye,
To our teachings and aims we'll be true.
And when our goal of success is reached
You'll be proud of your children, too.
Farewell, Alma Mater; farewell to you,
Farewell, teachers and schoolmates dear.
And now let us give for the Windsor Locks
High
Our last fond, hearty cheer.

KATHRYN E. NOLAN, '19.



Class of Nineteen Nineteen, Windsor Locks High School.

Rear row, left to right—ANNA LEARY, FRED WARNS, RAYMOND KILTY, ELLSWORTH CUTLER, ANNA GROVES, TERESA ROONEY, JESSIE WADSWORTH.

Front row, left to right—ISABELLE ROOT, KATHRYN NOLAN, MAY NUGENT, GEORGE WALLACE, ANNA OATES, WILFRID CALLAHAN.

CLASS DAY EXERCISES

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Classmates and Friends:—

It is with great pleasure that, in the name of the Senior Class of 1919, I welcome you here this evening.

Only four years ago we entered the Windsor Locks High School as Freshmen to take upon ourselves the duties required of a high school student. In our studies we worked hard, always striving for Success. As a reward for our patience and hard work, we have now completed our Senior year: to-night we meet to bid farewell, as a class, to the school of which we have been members for four happy years.

The program arranged for this evening will be, for the most part, one of humor and merry-making for us all, but to-morrow will be presented the serious side of our school life when we meet for really the last time as students of the Windsor Locks High School.

Again let me assure you, friends, that we are all glad to have you with us, and we will do our best to make this a happy and merry evening for all.

GEORGE F. WALLACE, '19.

PRESENTATIONS—PART I.

Upon me has been bestowed the honor of presenting to you, the members of the Class of 1919, what we are pleased to term class gifts. May these tokens, slight though they are, be acceptable enough to each of you, so that whenever you see them they will turn your thoughts back to the past, and the various experiences which you had while attending the Windsor Locks High School. These remembrances are given in a truly friendly spirit, and it is our sincere wish that they be received in the same way.

First—Let me give honor where honor is due—and call forward George Wallace, president of our worthy class.

George Wallace—Frequently you come rushing around the corner from the boys' hall into the Main Room about 8.31½ (. m. It is well known by your associates that the High School bell was the only means of awakening you from your morning slumbers, so we feel that in the future you will

need an alarm clock if you intend to hold a business position any length of time. I only hope that you won't forget to set the alarm, and that you will arrive at the office at 8:00 o'clock, or whatever the hour may be, with just as pleasant a smile as you always wore at 8.32 when you arrived at your seat in the Main Room.

Kathryn Nolan—Throughout your school life you have had very little to say, and was uniformly quiet. Here are some castanets. If you will use them as you walk along, clicking them sharply at each step, you will be able to make noise enough so that people will at least realize that you are approaching.

Wilfrid Callahan—You always appear to be in a hurry. You are forever running for a car after school, running up Church street hill on "high," running from Clay Hill, or running down Warehouse Point Main street away from the fumes of gasoline. Take this speedometer, that with it you may be able to record the speed of your various manoeuvres.

Mae Nugent—Why do you always walk so slowly? If you cannot in any other way quicken your pace a little, here is a remedy. Accept this instrument, which will, when you turn the crank, play you a lively tune. Always carry the music-box with you, and when you are walking, keep up with the music and step lively.

Jessie Wadsworth—The past year you have spent much time writing notes and letters to your friends in school. Now a literary ambition is most praiseworthy—far be it from me to discourage you in your pursuit of the epistulary Muse; instead I wish to encourage you all I can. I, therefore, present you with a box of writing paper, so that in the future you may continue your correspondence without fear of running out of material.

Isabel Root—After all these years of attending school, even this past year, experienced though you were in educational matters, you went so far as to occasionally enter a class and say that you did not know what lesson had been assigned. If you are as forgetful as that, you really ought to take a course under David Roth the memory expert: if you find that impossible, however, use this little book: make in it a record of whatever you wish to remember. Thus,

much valuable time as well as embarrassment may be saved you.

Helen Groves—Here is a box, small, it is true, but prepared with painstaking care. To show you how painstaking—let me assure you that I made four trips to Hartford in order to interview people who should be proper authority upon the selection of the contents of this box. Expense was nothing to me: I only wished to secure the right things. Now in case a certain drug store, less than a hundred miles from here, should ever “fail up,” you will find in this box enough Rexall remedies of various kinds to insure this establishment a fresh business impetus. I suggest that you rent a safe deposit box of the Windsor Locks Trust & Safe Deposit Co., and lay this package away for safe keeping.

ELLSWORTH H. CUTLER, '19.

PRESENTATIONS—PART II.

Fred Warns—

Now, Fritzie, here's a violin;
Unless you use it 'twill be a sin.
'Tis yours to play at your command,
Perhaps you'll rival Sousa's Band.

Anna Leary—

Thees beads to decorate Miss Leary,
But I'd advise you to be most wary
Whene'er you wear them on the street,
For all your friends you chance to meet,
Will smile and say “now isn't she sweet.”

Teresa Rooney—

The latest styles in dressing hair
Are in this book compiled with care,
Its many rules please follow well,
And you will be our village belle.

Raymond Kilty—

This mask to wear upon your face
While standing at the catcher's base;
'Twill save you many an ache and pain,
If you decide to play again.

Anna Oates—

A “Flivver” for Anna, and it's minus a door,
It will hold all the Seniors if some sit on the floor.
You see we took care, as I'm sure that we ought,
Lest your finger again in a door should get caught.
For that accident surely a lesson has taught.

Ellsworth Cutler—

A box of writing paper to Cutler we present,
The “wads worth” many a penny,
But 'twill not cost him a cent.

Now all our gifts have been presented, and each of us has something by way of memento of our four years together. Tomorrow night we will leave forever the W. L. H. S., but always in our hearts there will remain love and loyalty for our Alma Mater, as we pass “Out of School Life into Life's School.”

ISABELL ROOT, '19.

CLASS POEM.

“Out of School Life into Life's School.”

The time has come when we must part; our high school days are o'er,
Gone are our happy care-free years; the years that come no more,
Windsor Locks High we must leave you, we each have a part to do,
But in our wanderings our thoughts will e'er come back to you.

Alma Mater we must leave you, we each have a part to play,
But ever in our memory our class and school will stay,
Our parting day has come at last, how fast the moments fly;
The happiest days of all are gone—
Now we must say good-bye!

To you, dear Alma Mater, to your teachings we'll be true,
And evermore our fondest thoughts will travel back to you;
After we have reached our goal and crowned ourselves with fame
Back again to you our thoughts will turn with loyal hearts aflame.

Opportunity knocks once, we must listen for its call,
And be up and ready for it comes but once to all.

Success awaits the unafraid and failure's but a test,
It's just a little harder trial, a chance to show one's best.

Travelling life's pathway fate will lead to land unknown,
But our school days we'll treasure no matter where we roam.

“Out of School Life into Life's School,”
working faithfully each day,

We will strive and struggle upward, as
we've ben taught the way.

With honesty and valor as the essence of
our theme,
We shall reach the highest summit and ful-
fill our fondest dream,
Tho' time shall steal our years away,
And steal our pleasures too,
The memory of these days shall stay
And half our joys renew.

KATHRYN E. NOLAN, '19.

STATISTICS.

Did no one ever call your attention to the fact that curiosity is the motive power behind a large percent of our actions? A moment's consideration will prove the truth of this statement. If you are in a strange house and see a closed door, you naturally wonder what is behind that door. If you try to open it and find it locked, your curiosity increases every moment. You simply must know what is behind that door.

The twelve members occupying these Senior seats to-night are closed doors to you, but I hold the key that will reveal the contents of every one. I have carefully investigated and looked into each mind. Now I will, in turn, open the hidden doors within, and reveal to you, my audience, the inmost secret characters of the graduating class of 1919. First let me unlock the big door, behind which are the characters of our class as a whole.

Our favorite study is stenography, our favorite song is "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles." Our favorite occupation is thinking, our favorite amusement is dancing in the lower hall. Our favorite misdemeanor is writing notes. Our favorite book is the Prayer Book, and our favorite stone is the sand stone.

The big door is unlocked—you have looked into the characters of our class as a whole; but there are twelve smaller doors to unlock, and of each I hold the key to-night. Would you see what is within? Then listen attentively and I will reveal to you the inmost characters of the individual members of our worthy class.

The distinguishing characteristic of Anna Oates is her patronizing manner. Anna Leary, airy tread. Kathryn Nolan, quietness. Teresa Rooney, auburn hair. Mae Nugent, unruffled demeanor. Isabel Root, extreme height. Ellsworth Cutler,

curls. Fred Warns, hair cuts. Wilfrid Callahan, talk. Helen Groves, meekness. Raymond Kilty, gestures. George Wallace, business.

The individual saving grace of Anna Oates is common sense. Anna Leary, tolerance of things in general. Mae Nugent, her unusual power of concentration. Helen Groves, her interest in us. Isabel Root, studiousness. Teresa Rooney, sincerity. George Wallace, good nature. Kathryn Nolan, soft voice. Raymond Kilty, cleverness. Ellsworth Cutler, report card. Wilfrid Callahan, wisdom. Fred Warns, superfluous knowledge.

Sometimes a man is something—sometimes he thinks he is, there is a difference. The best dancer in our class is Ellsworth Cutler, but Helen Groves thinks she is. Best typist, Mae Nugent, thinks he is, Fred Warns. The best skater in our class is Kathryn Nolan. Most mischievous girl, Anna Oates. most mischievous boy, Wilfrid Callahan. The handsomest member is Mae Nugent, but Anna Leary is of the opinion that she should have the distinction. The most popular member is Teresa Rooney, thinks she is, Helen Groves. The most talkative member is Anna Leary. The biggest bluffer is Isabel Root and Raymond Kilty ranks next in line. While to the casual observer it is very obvious that each and every one of us has been generously supplied with modesty, we as a class have decided that Kathryn Nolan should have the distinction of being the most modest one of all the boys and girls of 1919.

Best dressed boy is George Wallace. thinks he is, Ellsworth Cutler. Best dressed girl, Isabel Root, thinks she is, Kathryn Nolan. Most dignified girl, Anna Oates. thinks she is, Helen Groves. Of course all of our boys are extremely dignified, but Raymond Kilty really is the most dignified boy, and Fred Warns thinks he is. Our most punctual member is Mae Nugent. Helen Groves is the best singer of our class, but Teresa Rooney thinks she is. Teacher's pet among the boys, Wilfrid Callahan, among the girls, Anna Oates. The best dispositioned member is Ellsworth Cutler, and strange to say, he is also the biggest grind.

In spite of the fact that our class is verv, very, near to being a perfect one, we all have our slang expressions. It is a common occurrence for Anna Oates to say, "O you poor simp." Anna Leary, "Well, I don't care." Teresa Rooney, "Wait a minute." George Wallace, "Yes, maybe." Ray-

mond Kilty, "That's what they all say." Mae Nugent, "You're all right, the world's wrong." Ellsworth Cutler, "I'll tell the world." Helen Groves, "Are you sure now?" Kathryn Nolan, "Well I should worry." Fred Warns, "Aw, what do you care?" Isabel Root, "O, you can't scare me." Wilfrid Callahan, "Well I'll say so."

Almost everybody is fond of somebody or something; in school vernacular we are all "crazy about" something; would you know the several crazes of the different boys and girls in our most praiseworthy and crazeworthy class?

Anna Oates is crazy about cute soldiers. Anna Leary is crazy about dancing. Mae Nugent about rose-colored novels. Wilfrid Callahan about Clay Hill. George Wallace about talking to girls. Helen Groves about typewriting. Teresa Rooney is crazy about several. Kathryn Nolan about arguments. Ellsworth Cutler about killing the Juniors. Raymond Kilty about "being in things." Fred Warns is crazy about his violin, especially the "E" string, and Isabel Root is crazy about everything.

And so comes to an end one phase of the statistics of the class of 1919, Windsor Locks High School—I will leave you to judge of the seriousness of the information I have given you; rest assured, however, that I, the statistician of 1919, labored diligently in the compiling of that same information. But there are several other things that I wish you to know about us.

First, in school we have all worked hard and conscientiously the last four years; we have tried to remember that whatever in this world is worth winning is worth striving for. We know that the bit of parchment which we shall receive to-morrow night is not given to shirkers—to slackers in the battle for success—it is given to those who go on over the top, and who are able and eager to fight their way from trench to trench on their way to victory.

Second—We are all eager for something more to do. We are far from content to rest upon the laurels already won, to think that just because we are graduating from high school, there is nothing more for us to learn. We know that we are passing out of School Life, with all its memories, into Life's School, with all its unexplored fields—with all its open doors.

Friends of our school—will you not wish us success as we go forward on our way trying our best to be a credit to you and our Alma Mater?

JESSIE M. WADSWORTH, '19.

ADDRESS TO UNDERGRADUATES.

Undergraduates of the Windsor Locks High School:—

Veni, vidi, vici,—I came, I saw, I conquered—breathes the spirit of the Class of '19. Now would it not be most selfish of us, to go our way, keeping dark and secret in the depths of our hearts the experiences which have fallen to our lot during these four years of scholastic warfare?

Hence, then, dear undergraduates, ere we sever the triple bond of years between us we shall not be blind to those pleading looks nor deaf to those earnest prayers of yours that bid us drop a gentle word of sage advice.

Advice has been defined as the one commodity more blessed to give than to receive, and so we, the Class of 1919 wish to gain our parting blessing by dealing out a quantity of this article fresh from the vat of our experience. We unhesitatingly offer you the benefit of our hard hard earned knowledge and trust you will follow our instructions with undeviating persistence.

First, let us advise you all in regard to the more or less familiar matter of whispering. During the last months several of our fellow students have been obliged to stay until 4.30 A. M. to learn a very beneficial and instructive article entitled "Mind Your Own Business." We do not know the author of this splendid prose bit, but rest assured he deserves undying fame. We have rejoiced with great felicity and glee when we have heard the walls of Classic Old Room Ten re-echo to the strains of, "Ninety-ninths of all that goes wrong in this world is because some one does not mind his business."

Members of the Junior Class at present masquerading under the pseudonym of "Saintly Six." Before we join the ranks of the Alumni we have some advice to impart to you. Next year you will be Seniors and will find a big undertaking before you. We sincerely hope that when you reach this stage you will not allow the Junior Class to overstep you. One thing in particular do not break the rule we have so successfully started this year of causing the teachers no trouble. Again, Juniors, give your most hearty support to the Herald. Maintain at all costs the healthy school spirit so thoroughly aroused by 1919. Never for a moment let it wane; rather cause it to increase.

By the way, we must compliment you upon your recent Junior prize essays. Ev-

ery one of them showed that you had indeed added another to the serried furrows of your brain, for every bit of good hard work of its own volition has this effect. You truly deserve the praise we here accord you.

And lastly, may you fill the seats to-day vacated by us with seeming dignity as tho you had been accustomed to so exalted a station for four years. To the individual members of the Junior Class. Malcolm MacDonald—During your vacation practice hard and attain a diminution of celerity in your Rhetorical Performances. Bob Parmelee, try to be more careful, in your Senior year, in the use of stationery.

Sophomores. It is certainly a very difficult task to give you any real advice. You are just far enough beyond the Freshman year to resent childish counsel and yet not old enough to comprehend such sage advice as you have just heard rendered to the Juniors. But let us say; please stop "knocking" the Freshies and "cutting up" around the halls. You have now come to that stage in high school life when "One ought to know better." After watching you closely for two years we have come to the conclusion that your motto must be, "Always wear a grin." This is very well exemplified by the girls of the class as well as the boys, and especially by Mildred Ellis, Anna Malloy and Eva Colli. Sophomores, do away with these grins, at least while in school, for as upper calssmen your duties will be greatly enlarged. Keep up a high standard of class work, never forgetting that the prime purpose for which you are here is to gain knowledge. Therefore, above all look to your studies first.

And now for the Freshmen. Freshies, you have just completed the experimental year of your course. You have risen from that obnoxious position and can no longer be called "Kids" without retaliating. We would advise you Freshman girls to pay more attention to what is going on in school and not let your thoughts go drifting to the land of dreams.

One thing in particular, do not spend so much time standing in front of the mirror in the Rest Room trying to arrange your hair in the very latest fashions. Rather devote your time to school affairs. To the Freshman class as a whole. Freshies, try to be content with your own seat in the Main Room. You must know that Freshmen always occupy the front seats. Because you are Freshmen there is a large chance for you to grow. Stick to your

studies, so that your brain will develop as well as your bodies. Be kind and gentle with the entering class in September. Remember the old proverb, "Return good for evil."

Our school days at the Windsor Locks High are now ended. Since we entered in 1915 we have striven with one aim in mind, that is "Graduation." In our days spent at school we have learned the meaning of the word "Work." We would say to you, Undergraduates, that the only possible means by which success may be achieved is by hard work. Always conquer what you begin and never give in until you have reached the goal for which you started, and we assure you that if you follow the advice here given you to-night you will be the pride not only of your parents and townspeople but of the High School of which you are now members.

Just one more word to all of you. "Work or Fight" our President told us two years ago; "Work and Fight" we say to you—work for yourselves and fight for your school—and tho at the end of your course you will bear no wound or service stripes, your record, I will venture to say, will stand the soldier test and bear the stamp of universal approbation.

ANNA J. LEARY, '19

RESPONSE TO THE ADVICE TO UNDERGRADUATES.

Members of the Class of 1919:—

It gives me great pleasure to respond to the words of wisdom which you, the members of the Senior Class, have this night spoken to us as your parting advice. In behalf of the Undergraduates I accept this advice and thank you for it. I listened very carefully to your admonitions and was especially impressed by one statement, namely, "Advice has been defined as the one commodity more blessed to give than to receive."

During the past year we have learned much from the Senior Class in regard to what to do and what not to do; so now we feel that we are indeed twice blessed by this commodity we have received to-night in such copious quantities and we are about to give it (in return) to the best of our ability.

Next year at this time we, too, will be going out into the world, having finished our course at Windsor Locks High School, but

we shall have much more to learn in life's great school, and we feel that some of the things you have taught us not to do will be of equal value with those you have taught us to do.

Primarily, we have learned not to waste hours and days in coming to decision about matters where others are concerned, for wasted time can never be regained.

When you Seniors sit in the Councils of the mighty and have great questions to decide, try to eliminate self; in so doing you will earn a reputation for unselfishness.

We also advise you to show interest in the plans of others and their fulfillment. You have shown much energy and what it will accomplish; maintain this energy thru life. As you leave those who have taught and trained you here for the business world, you will see the necessity of self-reliance. Practice it and thus reflect credit upon the Windsor Locks High School and upon yourself. Be careful in small things. Have some aim in life and make that aim a high one. Place a value upon character. If you desire success in life make experience your wise counselor. We could add many more to these words of advice but time forbids.

My final word to you is "Never lose interest in this dear old school," then the generations which follow will behold the efforts of your study and your labor will be crowned with success.

MARGARET ROOT, '20.

CLASS ODE.

"Robin Adair."

Classmates, we meet again to say farewell,
Fond memories of our school in each heart
shall dwell,

Friends that we love so dear are all gathered here.

While we in sadness say our farewell.

Our long and happy days of school are past
And now we must put our teachings to test.
We thank our teachers dear for all their
words of cheer,

And in our meeting here we bid farewell.

KATHRYN E. NOLAN, '19.

FUTURE OF THE AIRPLANE.

Past, present and future, our three grand divisions of time! And with only one of the three are we really acquainted—the past.

The present is too near at hand for to be able to judge accurately and wisely concerning it, and to everyone the future is a sealed book. In the past the mind of man has accomplished truly magnificent feats; the future is filled with possibilities. In the development of the airplane alone these possibilities are enormous. Shall we consider a few of them? Truly no better time could be found for such a consideration than this evening—when all of us who are just completing our High School course are looking ahead to the future, partly in jest, as you can easily understand, but underneath the surface, really in earnest after all.

It is a long step from the time when the Wright brothers experimented with their air glider to the present age, with its high development of the modern airplane. When we think of the lives and money sacrificed to reach this high stage of advancement, we wonder if it was worth while for man to struggle so hard and risk so much to conquer the air. But when we look forward, and think of the possible future development of the airships and the uses that may be made of the various kinds of planes, we feel sure that these brave experimenters have not risked their lives in vain.

We all know what a tremendous factor the airplane has been in winning the great World War, but I will enumerate simply a few of the more important parts it played in bringing about the downfall of military autocracy. No longer is the cavalry the "eyes" of the army: it has been supplanted by the airplane, which is one hundred times more swift and efficient. The airplane camera is another development of modern warfare. These pictures taken from a great height record accurately and permanently all objects which might be invisible to the human eye, for instance, big gun emplacements, trench systems, troop movements and even doubtful locations.

Two pictures are usually taken from slightly different angles, and after being developed are pasted beside each other on cardboard. The cardboard is placed in a stereoscope which brings all objects into sharp relief.

In battle the airplane is also used for artillery observation. Fast scout planes, equipped with wireless are generally used. These planes ascend to a height of about 2000 feet and direct the fire of the big guns in the rear. If the shells fall short or go over, the observers send a wireless message back stating the error and giving the

correction. In a few minutes the big guns are hammering away again but this time they are registering direct hits, thanks to the daring aviator.

Airplanes were also of great use to the navy for besides being used for bombing purposes they were of great value in detecting submarines. An airplane flying at comparatively low altitude can see a submarine far below the surface of the water; and after detecting the under sea craft, signals a destroyer which drops depths charges that will sink the "sub."

One of the most important special uses to which the airplane is particularly adapted is mail carrying. The post office department has experimented along this line for a long time—the first mail being carried in 1912. No regular mail routes were established until last year but now there are several routes over which mail carrying planes fly, nearly every day. When these lines are more firmly established, say in five years' time, it will be a common every-day matter to receive mail by airplane service. Just imagine that you need some special part for a machine and it was necessary to send to New York in order to procure the necessary article. You would simply telegraph to the firm in New York, and receive your piece of machinery in about two hours' time by aerial parcel post. Important deliveries could be made between different parts of the country with great rapidity, thus saving time and increasing the enormous output of our manufacturers.

The airplane can go where trains cannot. For example, along the Colorado river in the canyon district there are places where it is necessary to make detours of fifty miles in mail routes in order to reach a bridge. An airplane could sail right across the river. The number of mail routes already established will soon be increased as the planes become better developed and people begin to realize the practical value of air service. Hardly anyone doubts now that the airplane will some day be used as a means of transportation. During the war as well as at the present time, airplanes carried passengers from London to Paris. A number of the peace delegates recently crossed the channel by airplane making the journey in a few hours. The latest achievement relating to this matter occurred quite recently when the U. S. Navy plane—N C—4—commanded by Lieut. Commander Read crossed the Atlantic ocean. The total time spent between his

departure from Rockaway, N. Y., and his landing in Spain was more than that required by an ordinary steamship, to make the same journey, but his flight must be compared to Columbus' first trip across, which took about nine weeks compared to the present day time of about eight or nine days. With a corresponding development in the airship, we can expect regular transatlantic flights in about ten years; and by "regular flights" I mean trips that will be safe for ordinary passengers, rather than merely some daring adventure.

Another field for aviation is forestry survey. A man in an airplane can do more accurate and extensive survey work in a few hours when forest fires are raging than is usually accomplished by twenty rangers in a week. With wireless stations established on mountain peaks, in the chief danger zones, it would be a comparatively easy task to assemble men to check and extinguish the flames.

Airplanes might also be used in connection with Life Saving Stations. It might be impossible for a plane to go out during the period of a severe storm but there is always a calm in the air after a storm as well as before, while the high seas make it impossible for a life-boat to live. The airplane could fly out over wrecked ships carrying the ropes that would mean life to the helpless men.

We have seen some of the uses that may be made of the airship, and let us hope that our aviators will strive with true patriotic zeal to bring America to the very front in airplane development.

RAYMOND KILTY, '19.

PROPHECY.—PART I.

Noah Webster, a famous American, in his big book commonly called the dictionary, states that a prophet is one who foretells events or in other words a prophet is a peeper into the future. By general consent of my classmates I am greeting you this evening as one of those peepers into the future. I do not know how the class ever learned that I was a prophet unless they recall that once I predicted that the Class of 1919 would have a class day. I found that an easy task, however, compared with the great problems of parting the clouds which veil from all eyes but mine the future of my classmates.

Let me assure you dear friends, that so

heavily did this duty weigh upon my mind that for days and weeks I racked my brains trying to find some way in which to foretell coming events with accuracy and veracity. I thought of telescopes, magic mirrors, tea cups and many other methods but could decide upon no way in which to begin.

One moonlight night as I was sitting in the arbor on the lawn, watching the moon as it glided silently along the damp mysterious chambers of the air, I saw an old woman approaching me. As she came nearer I noticed that in her hand she held a large crystal ball. To move, I was unable so the only thing I could do was to stay there. I greeted her and she answered in a very friendly fashion, asking what was troubling me and if she could help me in any way.

Classes will come and classes will go, but I was sure that the Class of 1919 would go on forever, so I told her I would like to know where my classmates would be eleven years from this very night.

She informed me that she had the power to help me; then she handed me the ball which she had been carrying very carefully and told me that if I would turn it slowly three times, I would be able to foretell the future of the one of whom I was thinking, provided I could concentrate to the very best of my ability.

With trembling hands I seized the ball and was about to thank her when she disappeared, leaving me with this magic crystal held closely in my hands.

Eagerly I gazed into the crystal and to my amazement and delight, slowly, vision after vision came and went before my eyes; and each one told me of the future of about half of them, Helen Groves came in to spend the evening with me and wishing to share my good luck with my friend I let her read the future of the remainder of the class. To-night we will again call up the visions we beheld in this magic crystal and we will tell you what we see.

I see a large class room and the teacher is speaking. There is something familiar about her. The pupils are taking notes. A second look at the teacher and I find that it is Teresa Rooney and that she is an instructor in a New York Commercial school. I am not at all surprised for back in the old days spent in the Windsor Locks High, Teresa had won fame as the fastest shorthand writer that had ever entered the High School.

I see Anna Leary as the editor and publisher of the world's most famous paper—"Windsor Locks Daily Spectator." Do not

be surprised at the future profession of Miss Leary for during the last year we spent under the roof of the W. L. H. S. Anna seemed to contribute a number of notes to the business manager of the High School Herald, whether or not these notes contained matters for our school paper, the High School Herald, we are at loss to say. But suffice is to say that the Spectator now has a wide circulation in Windsor Locks, Warehouse Point and Enfield street.

I see a large field on which a baseball game is being played. Great excitement is raging among the spectators for the score is tied and it is nearing the last half of the ninth inning. There are two outs and then the world's most distinguished player takes the bat. He strikes out twice and then amid the lusty shouts of the fans, ringing loud and clear the ball is sent flying through the air and over the fence. As I watch this player he seems to be familiar and as he reaches home plate I recognize him as our most famous baseball player of the High School team. It is no other than Wilfrid Callahan. It doesn't seem strange to see Callahan run so fast for I know that he had quite a little experience racing over the Warehouse Point bridge to catch the 5.45 car after he had taken a long, but pleasant walk to the northern part of the town for a reason I had better not mention.

I see a large room. Its walls are lined with shelves which contain a number of bottles. This place is not at all familiar to me; but wait, what can a drug store or chemical laboratory have to do with the future of any of my classmates? I see a large desk, near which stands a young woman whom I finally recognize as Helen Groves and from the work she is doing at a large desk in the corner, I can understand that she is head bookkeeper for this large chemical wholesale house.

I see a vast room filled with neat white beds arranged in orderly rows. The odor gradually assailing my nostrils tells me that it is a hospital. A shout of joy from the little tots in the beds tells me that their favorite nurse is coming. She enters. There must be a mistake for I have never seen any face which resembles the one now showing in this ball. No, there is no mistake for the nurse is talking and her manner tells me that it is Jessie Wadsworth. Jessie must be in a second heaven for back in those golden days spent in the school on the hill Jessie often said that her greatest ambition was to be a nurse.

I see a large room in which are seated a number of men and, how very strange!

There is only one woman among them. All is silent. The woman rises and takes her place on the platform and begins to speak. something in her appearance and forceful expression carries me back to Windsor Locks High School days. As she continues I discover that it is our old classmate, Mae Nugent. I am not at all surprised for Mae was considered the greatest orator of our class. She is now the representative from the Seventh Senatorial District and seems to be the first woman in the country to hold such an honorable position.

Gladly would I reveal to you the future of the remainder of the Class of 1919, but I wish my friend to have the opportunity of telling you the visions of the future which she saw that fateful night, so now, Helen, I give the crystal to you. May your interpretations be clear and true.

KATHRYN NOLAN, '19.

PROPHECY—PART II.

Never before had I had the opportunity of looking into one of these curious crystals, so rest assured that I will make the most of the occasion; if you will lend me your attention for a few moments, I will relate to you the future of my classmates.

The time I recognize as the Year of our Lord 1930.

The first scene carries us into Paris, France, into a beautiful studio—a studio that must belong to some noted person, so grand it is. And the artist, no other than my classmate, Kathryn Nolan, who has become one of the most distinguished artists Paris has ever known. Kitty is painting what must be her masterpiece—"The rulers of the World United at the Peace Conference of 1919."

The next scene is the United States Senate in session, the President is sitting in his place and he is familiar to me. He is quite tall and very stout, which one of my classmates can he be? Oh! George Francis Wallace. President Wallace is trying to restore order in that most dignified body of Senators. He is pounding on the table in front of him, but all in vain; for he wants to veto a bill of which the Senators are very much in favor. This must remind George of the class meetings he used to conduct for the Seniors at school. Wallace was always a good President for our class and I knew that sometime he would succeed in being the worthy President of our U. S. A.

Now we discern the interior of the New

York Hippodrome, in which is seated a vast audience—the curtain is rising, while a great applause is heard from the spectators. All noise is hushed, when Fritzie Warns, the world's greatest comedian appears on the stage. I am not surprised to find Fred doing so well in the world, for we all knew him to be the wit of our class.

The scene changes and we are in Seaver Hall of Harvard University. Here the instructor in charge looks like someone I have met before. Of course, Professor Raymond Earl Kilty is addressing a class in French. Raymond has tried hard for the past eleven years to be a champion ball player, but owing to utter defeat, has changed his vocation to that of a French professor, and is teaching the pupils to *parlez-vous francais*.

Oh! hear that sweet melodious voice that is rising from the midst of a large singing class. Some of the pupils I recognize as Mdme. Schumann-Heink, John McCormack, Galli-Curci, Caruso and many other noted masters of talent. And the teacher, she is tall, red-haired, blue-eyed and most elaborately dressed in gleaming pearls; she has not changed one bit from the Anna Oates of the olden days to the Mdme. Oates whom we see in the crystal. She has become the most popular singer in the world.

The next classmate as I can readily see is Isabell Root, still the quiet, unassuming Bell. She has shown more patriotism to her country than any other member of the class of '19 by marrying a well-to-do farmer of Warehouse Point. Just at present Isabell is viewing her vast stretch of property, with the hope of discovering a gold mine, or some valuable diamond-bearing rock.

Now an airplane is advancing fast to the foreground, but I cannot seem to recall which one of the class the young aviator is. The crew consists of a band of suffragettes on their way to the capitol at Washington. As they come nearer, I recognize Ellsworth Cutler. He has become a very efficient lawyer and was very helpful to the ladies of Windsor Locks, in obtaining for them the right of Woman Suffrage; and in order that they may reach their destination unharmed. Lawyer Cutler has taken upon himself their problem of transportation. Readily, can it be seen that he is as much of a woman hater as ever (not specifying how much that is)

We have now revealed to you the future of all our class; and I suppose our magic crystal will tell us no more. But how I wish

it would! There is a wonderful fascination in parting the clouds that veil the coming years, if only for a moment. But stay! Am I dreaming or is the crystal clouding again? Will it after all tell us something more, when we thought it's revelations were at an end? Yes—I see dimly, a shadowy form gradually manifesting itself—it is a high, brick, ivy-covered building, the old W. L. H. S. and dimly as in a dream, and mingling with the shadows I see faces smiling at me—the faces of the Class of 1919. And slowly, slowly, above the smiling faces there begins to glow golden letters growing at last distinct enough for me to read. And what do they say—these magic letters—twisting and turning among the green leaves of the ivy: “We have gone out of ‘School Life into Life’s School’ and the Windsor Locks High need never be ashamed of us: for we, thirteen in number have builded a foundation worthy of mention.”

HELEN GROVES, '19.

CLASS WILL.

Know all men by these presents, that I, the Spirit of the Class of 1919, of Windsor Locks High School, Town of Windsor Locks, County of Hartford, State of Connecticut, being of sound and disposing mind, do hereby make, declare, and publish this, my last will and testament, and all former instruments drawn by me are hereby revoked.

Having been allowed my allotted time by the faculty and FRESHMAN Class of Windsor Locks High School and being absolutely and undoubtedly sane, as the combined medical force of Windsor Locks can testify, I feel the keen necessity of placing some conditions upon the following bequests.

I give, devise, and bequeath to the Junior Class the honor of trying to adequately replace the Senior Class and occupying part of one row of Senior seats, seats which we sincerely hope they will fill much better than they did their Junior seats.

I give, devise, and bequeath to the Sophomore Class a wooden medal, as a reward for being the champion talkers of all school classes in the State of Connecticut.

I give, devise, and bequeath to the Freshman Class the largest bunch of violets procurable with the 1919 surplus Class funds. May these blue violets, modest, unassuming little flowers that they are ever remind you of your FRESHman days at the Windsor

Locks High School, when you were the most quiet, modest, shrinking, self-effacing, unassuming, and altogether inconspicuous class that ever did or ever will enter the Windsor Locks High School.

To Malcolm MacDonald, Kathryn Nolan gives a pair of her old suction sole shoes, so that the next time he endeavors to demonstrate to his friends some new “jazz” steps he won't fall bang on the floor and run the risk of incurring some permanent injury that will put an end to future jazzing.

To Joseph Hawley, Fred Warns leaves a smile.

To Eleanor Root, Isabelle Root leaves her Smith Motor Bicycle in order that she may save herself many steps in looking up historical facts and references in connection with her school work.

To Anna Lyons, Anna Leary gives her own private wireless outfit with invisible antennae, so that she may in the future entertain her friends without danger of interruption.

To Carl Larson, Ellsworth Cutler gives a carefully worked out formula for a magical compound, a formula which has recently been completed in the Windsor Locks High School Chemical Laboratory. This compound, Cutler claims, has withstood a 100% efficiency test in curing young men's hatred for the weaker sex; we all sincerely hope that Carl will use this little gift, especially when a new class of girls arrives at the Windsor Locks High School.

To Joseph Halloran, Raymond Kilty leaves his ability to get along after regular hours, very modestly and quietly.

To John Shaughnessy, George Wallace gives something entirely new to the school world, in the form of a seat on wheels. Thanks to this timely invention, in the future the faculty will not need to keep the whole western front of the assembly room in perpetual motion in order to move John here and there, where he will be seen more and heard less.

To Dorothy Parsons, Fred Warns leaves all his old broken violin strings (49 in number) so that the next time Dorothy is scheduled to entertain the school she can't offer the same old alibi.

To John Ferguson, Mae Nugent leaves a hydroplane, so that the next time John goes hunting ducks on a well known island less than a thousand miles from here, and his friend goes off with the boat, leaving John marooned on the island, the aforesaid

John will not be obliged to send an S. O. S. to a certain place in Enfield. With this hydroplane he can just fly right home, singing as he goes.

Having studied law to some extent during the past winter in the law office of an eminent lawyer, I, Wilfrid Callahan, give to Phyllis Horton a small but painstakingly prepared volume of essays. A careful perusal of these essays should teach her how to acquire fineness and dexterity in managing her social affairs so that in the future she will never have to send out an S. O. S. because she got the "wires crossed."

To Amerigo Migliora, Helen Groves leaves a small jar of laughing gas. We hope that Amerigo will in the future crack an occasional smile "during school hours" and not carry that goruchy look of his which is more characteristic of a school teacher than a silly Sophomore.

To Eva Colli, Jessie Wadsworth gives a looking glass which is to be hung in the girls' dressing room for "Miss Colli only." We understand that Eva can be found almost any old time of the day gazing soulfully into the girl's mirror.

To Emilio Ricci, Anna Oates leaves an automatic pumping machine so that Emilio will never again become exhausted from his favorite pastime—whispering.

To Isabel Eveleth, Teresa Rooney gives a cushioned foot-stool. The Seniors hope in the course of her next three years Miss Eveleth will be able to keep her feet on this foot-stool rather than out in the aisle where several of the Senior girls found it exceedingly difficult to get by without tripping over the aforesaid Miss Eveleth's feet.

To Robert Parmelee, Ellsworth Cutler leaves his ability to enter the assembly room just as the bell stops ringing and he hopes that Robert will in the faraway future continue to uphold the record which he unceasingly maintained during the past year.

To Lillian Nugent, Raymond Kilty has dedicated a board walk shaded by numerous elm trees. This walk has been of untold joy to Ray during the past year and as it takes in a part of Spring street we hope that Lillian will find it very, very convenient during the summer.

I do nominate and appoint Judge James E. Carroll to be Executor of this, my last will and testament, in the presence of the witnesses below, this 25th day of June, in the Year of our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Nineteen.

SPIRIT OF THE CLASS OF 1919.

Signed, sealed, declared and published by the said Spirit of the Class of 1919, as his last will and testament, in the presence of us, who at his request, and in his presence, and the presence of each other have subscribed our names as witnesses thereto: Robert Parmelee, Elizabeth Sterling, Harold Rupert, Anna Lyons, Francis Wallace.

WILFRED F. CALLAHAN, '19.

SOPHOMORE RHETORICALS.

Since the last issue of the Herald there has been only one rhetorical program presented in the High School, the Sophomore Class having this honor. We can truly say that what we lacked in quantity of programs, however, was more than made up in quality, for the Sophomores really made their last appearance for this year one to be remembered.

The program is as follows:—

"The American Hymn." M. Keller
School.

"With the Tide." Edith Wharton
Bertha Ashley.

(Written the day after the death of
Theodore Roosevelt.)

"The Call." Alice M. Ewell
Anna Malloy.

"To Those Who Stayed Home."
Vernon A. Vroman
Harold Rupert.

"America." Herbert A. Blackburn
Eva Colli.

Piano Selection, "Kentucky Dreams."
S. R. H. & D. Onivas
Marion Eagan.

"The League Pact." Laurana Sheldon
Redmond Lynskey.

"Any American." Paul Van R. Miller
Cecelia Nolan.

"Citizens Arise." Katrina A. Trask
A. Migliora.

"Our Land." Florence E. Coater
Edith Kenyon.

Piano Selection, "Evening Chimes."
Alice Morse. Carl Heins

"America to France." Florence Van Cleve
Frances Duggan.

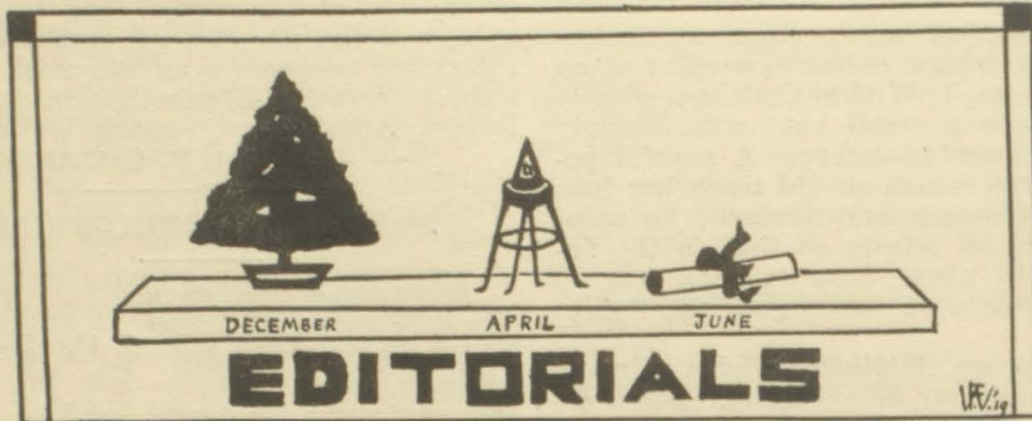
"The Return." William W. Whitlock
John Shaughnessy.

Music. Danford Barney
Rose McCarroll.

"To Those Who Return." Marie L. Eglinton
J. Halloran.

"Victorious Spring." Richard Leigh
Mildred Ellis.

"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."
D. T. Shaw



THE HERALD STAFF.

Editor in Chief.

Fred W. Warns, '19.

Assistants.

Raymond E. Kilty, '19, Julia Rooney, '21,
Malcolm MacDonald, '20, Marion Eagan '22.

Alumni Editor.

Violet Eagan, '18.

EDITORIAL NOTES

In this last issue of the Herald for the year of 1918-1919, we wish to thank all who have been connected with it in any way and especially the business people of the town for their cheerful support which has helped make this one of the most successful of Heralds.

We should like to call attention to the poetry written for the Senior graduation. We have in mind especially the Class Poem and Class Song. Miss Nolan is to be congratulated on her work

After the acid test of the "finals" we hope that the Freshmen will recuperate enough during the long vacation to burden the tremendous responsibilities to be encountered during Sophomore life.

Friday evening, June 6, an exhibition of the work of the Public Schools was held in the school building. The work of all the pupils was on exhibition for the townspeople to examine and we are glad to say that quite a few took advantage of this opportunity. A short program of music and oratory was presented in the Main Room of the High School, then all rooms were open to inspection of visitors.

The program is as follows:—

Piano Solo. Marion Eagan
Song, "My Own United States." Chorus
Dialogue.

Mary Longo, Joseph Ladola,
Clara Mather, Angelo Africano.

Recitation, "Little Orphant Annie." Nellie Betley

Music. Grace Kilty, Dorothy Parsons,
Doris Parsons.

Recitation, "The Old Man and Jim."

Raymond Hancock

Song, "Maytime." Chorus

Recitation, "Follow the Flag."

Arthur Sluzinsky, Elmer Burns,
Edward Sluzinsky, Mario Gatti,
Angelo Quaglino.

Piano Solo.

Alice Morse

Song, "America."

By All

SILLOGISMS.

An orange is yellow; a pear is yellow;
therefore an orange is a pair.

No dog has two tails.

One dog has one more tail than no dog.
Therefore one dog has three tails.

JUNIOR PRIZE ESSAYS.

COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES IN CONNECTICUT.

There is no need for me to review with you, the many advantages of a college education. You know or can readily conceive its great educational value, its charm—the very thought of being a graduate of any of our fine colleges, arouses our ambition and the remembrances of the dear old days spent there will remain with us as long as we live. Yet the practical side of college life is even more important than the phase of which I have spoken. Often merely the fact that you are a college graduate will help you to obtain one of the best positions, and colleges prepare men and women for the best professional and business careers.

Colleges and universities are becoming every year more practical in their various courses. Let me give you an instance. It was only a few years ago that pedagogical courses were instituted in our colleges. Before that time teachers obtained in the college merely a knowledge of the various subjects they intended to teach. They could study no methods, for almost none were given. They had to make their own plans for teaching and develop their own methods. It was, literally a case of sink or swim. But now excellent courses are offered to teachers, including History of Education, Psychology and Pedagogy.

Perhaps you would like to know something of the higher institutions of learning in our own state of Connecticut. There is, first of all, the Connecticut Agricultural College situated at Storrs; then our grand old Yale, situated at New Haven; Wesleyan at Middletown, a Methodist school, which is not very large and is noted chiefly for its academic courses; Trinity in Hartford, is also a small college of about 400 pupils; last of all we have the Connecticut College for Women, one of the finest of girls' schools, founded three or four years ago and situated in a beautiful spot in New London.

Now let us consider our state college, the Connecticut Agricultural College. It is located in the outskirts of Storrs and has acquired 1100 acres of land which are divided into the campus proper and fields used for experimental work. Courses in agricultural science, home economics, mechanical

engineering and many other branches are offered there with a degree of B. S. Tuition for a Connecticut student is free and one can easily work his way through college by means of the excellent Bureau of Student Labor, that is any student whose name appears on the student labor list can easily earn about \$150 during the school year which helps greatly toward paying his expenses.

It would take too long for me to tell you about the different courses our colleges offer, so I shall mention merely a few of the branches of study.

We have the academic, scientific, medical, trinity, law, fine arts, music and forestry branches in our colleges. The B. S. and B. A. degrees can be obtained in any school with the exception of the Connecticut Agricultural College, which offers only the B. S. degree, while at Yale one can work for any degree he wishes.

Perhaps some of the pleasantest times of the College Course are spent by the students at their fraternities which are secret societies organized chiefly for literary and social purposes. These fraternities are named from the letters of the Greek alphabet and are therefore commonly called "Greek Letter Societies."

Now for Yale, one of the largest and most influential colleges in America. It was founded by Elihu Yale in 1745 when it was removed from Saybrook. When we go through New Haven we can see the magnificent brown-stone buildings of the college scattered throughout the principal streets. Yale has an observatory which is second to none in this country. One of its oldest buildings is the Osborn Hall where the commencement exercises are now held. Another of its curiosities is the Yale Bowl, the great football amphitheatre which seats 60,000 spectators and can be approached by means of thirty tunnels.

But these are only a few of its attractions, there are many other buildings to excite our admiration and curiosity.

The branches of Yale are—the College, the Sheffield Scientific School, the Graduate School, the Medical School and the Schools of Religion, Law, Fine Arts, Music and Forestry.

It may be of interest to know that in 1795 when it was thought that Yale was

flourishing, the college consisted of only one hundred students, one professor and two tutors, while in 1917 it was officially reported that Yale had 3,540 students and 784 instructors. You can see for yourself how our colleges grow. You probably have been following in the newspapers the changes which have been made in Yale's entrance requirements and its courses of study. By means of these changes it is possible for students to enter the college and obtain a B. A. degree without Latin, moreover, many mathematic courses are not required in the Sheffield School. The "easy snap," a special Sheffield course, has also been abolished. Another important detail of recent change is that an adequate knowledge of American History and Government are required. But the cardinal point is this, that Yale as well as many other large universities in our country, has begun to see that classical and vocational work are both essential; neither can exist entirely without the other.

There are really two classes of people in our country who are seeking an education. There are those men and women who have plenty of money and plenty of time to take up the classics; and to supplement the part of their educational training which pertains directly to the means of earning a livelihood with other studies called classical, and which are pursued more for enjoyment than for strictly practical reasons; on the other hand there are especially those men who have neither time nor money for the gaining of all the education they might desire—but who desire immediate concrete results from the schools they attend, preferably in the form of an increased earning power.

The United States is big enough to look out for both classes of people, and to provide for both kinds of education.

This we will do, and no one shall be able to say that the colleges and universities of Connecticut do not perform their part of our national educational duty.

NADY L. COMPAINE, '20.

AMERICA AND THE IMMIGRANT.

Now that the war is over, Atlantic steamers can make their trips across the sea without fear of being sent to the bottom, by some German submarine. Again, the great problem of immigration is going to confront us. Shall we allow the immigrant to enter this country as freely as in

the past century or shall we make greater restrictions?

In the discussion of this topic the question often arises "What effect has immigration had upon Europe and upon America?" What have been the good and bad effects upon the American citizen of the foreigners' sojourn in America? Have we done them any good? Have they done us any good—or harm? The best way to answer a question of this sort, is to consider a concrete example. One seldom fully realizes what immigration has done for the Slavic nations. A few years ago in their native countries the peasants were found living in mud huts; sometimes their "Home" was nothing more than a hole in the side of a hill. Such was true of a mountain of Montenegro. The whole side was lined with holes and each hole represented the home of a family and all its possessions, a pig and possibly a cow and a horse. The people lived like the most primitive beings. They were utterly ignorant of religion, doctors and schools. As a whole they were very shiftless. They were satisfied with little to eat and with scanty clothing. Because of the scarcity of food many were from time to time forced to leave the country. Some began to emigrate to America, where they mingled with all classes of people.

They gained self respect, learned what churches and schools were and that doctors could be a help to man, not the "witch doctors" to whom they had been accustomed. A great many immigrants of this type remain in this country and become citizens but others return to Europe after accumulating what is to them a small fortune. But greatest of all the treasures which they carry back are the American ideals are carried home and spread among the inhabitants of their community. They begin to feel it their duty to educate their children, develop their religion and improve their homes.

A certain college professor visited a town similar to the one of which I told you, made up of dugouts in the mountain side. He wrote home to his people that he was disgusted with the way the women refused to have a doctor when the children were ill. If a child lingered long before death overtook him, the witch was the first aid brought into requisition.

The professor made a tour of this town about ten years later, after the people had begun to emigrate to America and to return with the new ideals acquired. He

said he met one of the greatest surprises of his life when he entered this village. It then contained a church, a school and a doctor's office. The houses were built of wood and very neat. The women even dared walk beside their husbands on the street, instead of walking behind them as they had formerly been made to do.

This is an example of what migration has done for the people of one Slavic town. Have I answered the question, "What has America done for the immigrant?"

Now what has the immigrant done for America? To tell the truth has not the immigrant made America? The original thirteen colonies, the nucleus of our great nation, were composed of settlements of English, French, Dutch, Swedes and Spanish. All these people brought with them the ideas and accomplishments of their mother country. More than that, they came to us as different kinds of men, with varying characteristics—some valuable, some not so valuable, but none worthless, for they all in some way helped to build up an American character. In coming years this truly American character was to give to the world the best in manufacturing and farming, in law-making and military science, thus making a new world better than the old. As a result we have become the most independent nation of the world. Thruout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, millions of able-bodied men and women

from all countries of the world, dissatisfied with conditions at home, came to America to try their fortunes. Here, unafraid of work, they have developed much of our unlimited resources and welded themselves together into the solid unit of Americanism which at Chateau Thierry was to prove to the world that democracy was a real thing and not a theory. A large percent of our army in France was made up of boys of foreign birth. They were all ready to make the supreme sacrifice for "The land of the free" which had become their second home.

Therefore, if we can be a help to the immigrant, if we can make a better man out of him, and if he is ready to work and give up his life for America, shall we not welcome him to our shores and make him feel that America is his real home?

CARL LARSON, '20.

Great crowds are surging to and fro. It must be a gala day. Is that person now clambering on a box, so that he can overlook the great multitude, about to make a speech? It apparently is his intention to speak. But who can he be? He bears a marked resemblance to our friend D. E. Bate, the great orator. But hark—he opens his mouth! What does he say? Hear! hear! Move up closer so you'll get every word. Hear again! "Get 'em while they're hot! 'Le ven cents."

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

SALUTATORY AND ESSAY.

"The Value of an Ideal."

Board of Education, members of the faculty, parents and friends, we, the graduating class of 1919, extend to you our most cordial greetings.

You alone, dear parents, have provided us the opportunity of obtaining a good high school education. You have sacrificed much for us and we indeed owe you a debt of gratitude.

We thank you teachers, for your watchful care, and assure you that we shall ever cherish your instructions with sincere devotion. We also wish to express our gratitude to you, gentlemen of the Board of

Education, for the privileges you have permitted us to enjoy; also, it gives us the greatest of pleasure, dear friends of our school, to see you assembled here this evening, to show our class your interest and appreciation.

We now pass out of "School Life into Life's School" and we need all our courage and strength for the years ahead of us. We have learned in the past that whatever course we adopt in life should have a noble purpose behind it and that we should always strive to develop and guard a good character.

Character is the essence of the man, shining from every window of the soul, either as a beam of purity, or as a clouded ray that betrays the evil within. In order

to develop that character we must always bear in mind the value of an ideal. An ideal is above price. It means the difference between success and failure; the difference between a noble life and a disgraceful career, and it sometimes means the difference between life and death. If man measures life by what others do for him he will be disappointed, but if he measures life by what he does for others there is no time for despair.

Our ideal should be far enough above us to keep us looking up toward it all the time, and it should be far enough in advance of us to keep us struggling toward it to the end of life. Our ideal should be permanent; it should not change; therefore it is important that the ideal be a worthy one. Plans may change and even ambitions will change, for circumstances will alter them, but our ideal should never change.

An ideal determines the character and man's place among his fellows. Many laboring men have been able to support themselves and many of them have been able to lay aside enough to gratify their ambition for a college course. What has enabled them to resist temptation and press forward? It is their ideal of life.

Not only must the individual have an ideal, but we must have ideals as groups of individuals and in every branch of life. We have ideals in domestic life. Whether a marriage is happy or not depends not so much upon the size of the house or the amount of the income as upon the ideals with which the parties enter the contract.

In business it is necessary to have an ideal. It is as impossible to build a business without an ideal as it is to build a house without a plan. Some think it impossible to be strictly honest in business; some also think it necessary to recommend a thing not as it is, but as the customer wants it to be. Never was there a time when it was more necessary than it is to-day that business should be built upon a foundation of absolute truth.

In the professions also, an ideal is necessary. Take the medical profession for example. It is proper that the physician should collect money from his patients for he must live while he helps others to live. The physicians who have written their names on the roll of fame, however, have had a higher ideal than the the making of money. They have had a passion for their study. They have searched diligently for the hidden causes of diseases and the rem-

edies for such and they have found pleasure in giving to the world some great discovery.

True it is also that political parties should have an ideal. No party can hope to succeed in a campaign unless its members have an ideal to follow and look up to. Our nation has its ideal; an ideal that has made it known throughout the world and which has carried it successfully through its wars and struggles.

So it is with our class. Before we become members of Life's School we should decide upon our ideal and follow that ideal through life. Having made our choice, we are fitted to go forth into the far-reaching depths of to-morrow. We should always work for success, remembering that it is attained by continued labor and watchfulness. We must struggle on and not for one moment hesitate nor ever take one backward step, but push on and on knowing that some day we, too, may be looked up to as an ideal.

No matter how many struggles and hardships we encounter during life, they should never cause us to forget that we must continue our journey in truthfulness and trustworthiness, and in the long run we will be honorably rewarded; for it is only the trustworthy man who wins in the beginning and end, for he does not become the prey of impending evils. Many young people starting out in the world sometimes forget in the ambition of their youth that they must not undertake too great a task at the outset for if they do their efforts usually end in a complete and disastrous failure. They should begin at the foot of the ladder and gradually ascend it instead of trying to start at the top and finally landing at the bottom.

Therefore, dear classmates, keeping our motto and ideal well in mind we are prepared to enter upon further duties in this life. We will be well able to fulfill these duties faithfully if we bear in mind that "Honesty is the best policy," and that the formation of character is a work which continues through life.

Again, dear friends, we wish you to know that you are most welcome here this evening and we assure you that we shall always strive to live up to our highest ideal so that you may never be ashamed of our class, but ever ready to shower upon us your interest and respect.

ANNA L. OATES, '19.

OUT OF SCHOOL LIFE INTO LIFE'S SCHOOL.

What a world of meaning this motto holds for everyone of us! Four years ago when we entered the W. L. H. S. we were a class in name only, but with one common purpose; to-night as we meet here, having attained the goal of the ambition that spurred us on for the last four years, our thoughts carry us back over the past and ahead to the future, as we stand on the threshold of Life's School.

Life is a ladder—and every rung represents a step toward success: sometimes it is hard to climb, sometimes very, very easy to fall back a rung, but if we are to reach the heights we must endeavor each day to develop within ourselves the qualities which best fit us for our own proper niche in Life's School. In order to be successful we must persevere and keep on persevering to the end.

During our school life we have worked together, played together and striven together to make our class one that should be worthy to be graduated from the W. L. H. S. Always we worked hard in School Life but there were happy moments also. What other class has left the school with memories quite like ours?

During the last year we have been confronted by many serious tasks—problems of importance were before the world as never before—for the greatest War of History was raging. We became familiar with War Activities, Red Cross Work, Patriotic Rallies, and similar gatherings, young though we were, and in Life's School we shall meet with many more difficulties; but we have already learned that patience and perseverance will overcome the hardest obstacles. Our ambition will lead us beyond petty grief and strife to the summit where our High School teachings will manifest themselves in fruitful results.

During School Life the problems we had to solve were difficult, in our opinion, but stop a moment and consider some of the questions that now confront and will continue to confront young people of our ages and a little older—the citizens of the immediate future.

One very serious question, which must be settled and settled right, is the breakdown of American transportation through war or internal upheavals. It was considered a terrible horror in the Old World where bullet and bayonet slew their tens

and hundreds but now hunger and disease are killing their thousands and tens of thousands.

Unfortunately, the present conditions of the Western copper industry, for instance, will give you an idea of what will have to be done. Thousands of men in the copper districts of the Northwest are idle. In a few months they, like their European brethren, will be starving. Why? Because Europe will not buy our copper. If we are to build up and enlarge our industries, we must have buyers for our products.

In normal times Germany bought one-third of the American annual output of copper. The Germans certainly did not use all this copper for bronze monuments of the Kaiser's ancestors. A large part was worked up into electrical machinery which was sold everywhere in the world. These electrical workers are at present idle and rioting. They have no copper. Our copper miners are idle and will be rioting soon. Who will be benefitted if these German workers die in riots and through hunger and disease? Will their elimination help our miners?

If we want to keep our mines, mills and factories going full steam we must see to it that all the industries throughout Europe resume operation at the earliest possible moment. Unemployment in Europe means unemployment in the United States, and idleness is the hand-maiden of red-terror.

This red-terror is not a ghostly spectre, a figment of imagination. It has bones, flesh and sinews. It must be checked immediately, before it obtains foothold in this country as it has in European countries.

Last year the Supreme Court passed the federal law through which it was sought to reach the obstinate southern states whose legislatures had failed to adopt measures that would make it impossible for mill owners to employ and exploit young children. Now the federal law is coming back in a different form, but with it is coming the realization that not all children who work in factories are driven there by the poverty of their parents. On the contrary, the high war wages have stimulated the employment of children to such an extent that the Department of Labor has considered it necessary to organize a special back-to-school drive.

It is not a problem of underpaid and poorly-fed children toiling in factories, but of well-fed and overpaid boys and girls doing light work.

The present-day problem not only involves the need of keeping American children in school, but it includes the determination to induce them to return to school and finish their education.

It is shameful that autocratic Japan should be able to show a far smaller percentage of illiterates than the United States. Illiteracy must not be the teammate of Democracy. Perhaps some of you wonder what I mean by illiteracy. Well, in wealthy America it is a national crime—the inability to read and write.

The schoolroom is the cradle of Liberty, and the ability to speak, read and write a common language is the mortar of national unity.

As the fate of Democracy hung in the balance a year ago, so now the fate of European civilization is being decided for generations to come.

A challenge has come to the people of our land and everyone must respond. The way in which the youth of America answered to the call of arms in the recent war proves that the blood of the first settlers of this land, our Puritan forefathers, still flows in our veins; the spirit and courage of that little band which braved the perils of a "stern and rockbound coast," urged us on to victory and will aid us in solving these serious national problems of to-day. Perseverance will carry us through safely and help us to achieve success as we pass "Out of School Life into Life's School."

Four long years have passed away;

How we treasure the memories of school days.

And when the burden of Life's School is on shoulders

And the heart is fretted with its care—

When the glory of ambition moulders.

And our load seems more than we can bear,

When our School Life is over and we go our different ways

May our thoughts carry us backward to review these by-gone days.

TERESA B. ROONEY, '19.

CLASS GIFT.

We, the graduating class of 1919, of the W. L. H. S., feel that we owe a great deal to the school that has been our home for the past four years, and we wish in some way to show our gratitude and appreciation. As other classes before us have left with their

Alma Mater some gift, in memoriam, so we have decided to do the same, hoping that the custom of presenting a "Senior Gift" may be one never to be forgotten.

The starting of a "Senior Fund" has long been under consideration; it has been felt that there should be such a fund, made up of contributions from each successive Senior Class, and left in the charge of the principal, to be drawn upon each year for necessary graduating purposes. So tonight we are leaving in Mr. Jackson's care the sum of _____ dollars, to serve as the beginning of the "W. L. H. S. Senior Fund," and we hope that each year this fund will increase steadily, as classes continue to realize that the things we do for others are the things that count.

And so we wish you, Undergraduates, all success in the years to come. May you ever work faithfully and well, striving upward and onward through life's school, with the view in mind that success is won only by those who work for it.

FOUR YEARS.

Four waves of that wide sea which rings the world.

Broken upon the shore of eternity.

Upon whose crests, like waifs tossed by the tide,

We neared, touched, floated side by side, and now

Sad is their murmur on the shadowy sand,
And sad our parting as we drift away
From happy, bygone, High School Days.

HELEN L. GROVES, '19.

ACCEPTANCE OF SENIOR GIFT.

Members of the Senior Class:—

For a number of years it has been the custom for the graduating classes of the W. L. H. S. to present their Alma Mater with some gift. You may ask—why present a gift? Just because it is customary, or because school life teaches us to work for others as well as for ourselves? Our school days teach us the value of sacrifice—we have to spend in preparing our lessons time and energy which so many times we would give to recreation if we were not working with a goal before us—to obtain an education. Something can never be obtained for nothing; and things worth while almost invariably necessitate sacrifice on our part.

Our parents sacrifice to send us to school, the men and women of the town

sacrifice that we may have the wherewithal to obtain a thorough education; and lastly, our instructors sacrifice energy and many times much better paying positions, to teach the boys and girls of our land.

And so, learning in school the value of sacrifice as we do we appreciate heartily the unselfishness that you, the Class of 1919, are manifesting in giving of your earnings for the purpose of starting a school fund, and the more to your credit it is that this gift of yours is not a showy one, but one of those things done quietly and without ostentation, for the good of others more than yourselves.

Again we thank you, and wish you all success in the coming years.

CARL LARSON, '20.

CLASS HISTORY.

History, we are told, repeats itself, and that I suppose is meant to be true no less of a class in school than of a nation or an individual. Hence, it would seem that I should be satisfied with simply stating tonight, that just as with former graduating classes, we too are now about to say a sad farewell to our Alma Mater—that the catalog of the catastrophies and calms of our four years is no different from that of our many illustrious predecessors—and finally, that we also in our later days have toiled with eager hearts and willing hands to keep sacred and unsullied the noble traditions of the Windsor Locks High School.

But even so, dear friends, will you not turn back with us ere we close the scene for one brief and passing glance at those happy and too-quickly-spent four years? And I trust this rapid review will not be wholly lacking in interest, nor yet too startling to give pause.

Far above the clouds I, Anuta Karne, travelled in a monster 'plane that flew two hundred miles an hour, and as I flew I chatted comfortably with my companion—a great Professor of Archeology in Aristokia University. We were on our way from blazing, tropical regions to cool northern climes.

Prof. Parsinova was, at this time, 2019 A. D., the foremost authority on the ruins of many old but interesting places. He had recently learned that terrific earthquakes had occurred in the region of the Connecticut valley. Among the numerous cities of that valley, many large and beautiful buildings lay in ruins about Hartford, Windsor,

Warehouse Point and Windsor Locks Connecticut.

My duty was to act as secretary to this learned Professor, and I found it a great pleasure, as well as benefit, to examine the many interesting objects and documents that our journeyings and research work unearthed. After a lengthy debate as to the exact spot in the Connecticut valley at which we should land and begin our excavations, we decided to spend some time in Windsor Locks, Where, we had learned, immense towers containing records and important data lay in ruins.

According to authentic tradition, in 1919, the class which graduated from the High School at Windsor Locks, voted to institute a new and most praiseworthy custom. They decided to lay away carefully in a large stone tower—built by the combined efforts of the community—the record of their High School course. Other classes had followed the example of this class. Prof. Parsinova felt that beyond any doubt the first record of this sort would be the most antique, and therefore, the most interesting—so we searched conscientiously until we found that particular one. At last! Covered with the dust of ages—musty—but intact.

We could hardly wait to open it, but it had to be handled very carefully as it had been written so very long ago. And what was told in that first class history to be preserved in a gray stone tower? I will tell you as best I can from memory:—

"We, the class of 1919, of the Windsor Locks High School, wishing to preserve the records of our valiant members for all posterity, do hereby indite our Class History. We are thirteen in number—Wilfrid Callahan, Ellsworth Cutler, Helen Groves, Raymond Kilty, Anna Leary, Kathryn Nolan, Mae Nugent, Anna Oates, Isabell Root, Teresa Roonev, Jessie Wadsworth, George Wallace and Fred Warns.

"Now, unassuming modesty was ever the characteristic virtue of the class of 1919, and so it was as shy and shrinking Freshmen in the fall of 1915, that we entered the Windsor Locks High School, twenty-five in number. Our class was made up of students from the adjacent territory of Windsor Locks and Warehouse Point. Our Freshman year was uneventful along the social line, but we devoted our time and our efforts untiringly to those very necessary articles, called studies. During this year a Girls' Current Events Club, a

Dramatics Club and a Debating Club were established. These clubs proved to be very successful, and programs rendered at the meetings were instructive and interesting. To quote from a copy of the High School Herald of that current year—a most noteworthy publication by the way, worthy of state-wide circulation—

"We are pleased to note the enthusiasm shown by the entering class, (1919) and hope they will keep up interest in their studies as much in the future as at the present."

Far be it from me, Anuta Karne, to assume a superior tone at a time like this, but it is an indisputable fact that in the years that have elapsed since the entombing of this musty document, marvellous progress has been made. Schools of the size and calibre of the Windsor Locks High School now publish a school paper every day, and this paper is printed by the Senior English class. But of course, three times a year was doing very well for schools in those less advanced days.

To resume:—

"We, the class of 1919, felt that as hard working pupils we were entitled to holidays, but as June approached and we realized that we were to be away from the dear old school for ten weeks, we were loath to leave for such a long recess. However, the thought that we were to return the following September as Sophomores consoled us, and we parted to enjoy a well-earned rest.

"The opening day of school in September, 1916, saw only seventeen of the original twenty-five Freshmen. We returned with the same grim determination to succeed that characterized us as a class during our Freshman year. We had for our ideal from the very first a successful graduation, and we toiled unremittingly early and late for the accomplishment of that purpose. "Silly" is an adjective very often applied to Sophomores, but that certainly could not be said of the class of 1919. Our "Day of Days" for our Sophomore year took place when we posed as a class for the photographer. As stated above, we were ever a most modest class, so we need not say more than that a copy of that picture is to be carefully preserved with this Class History.

"Our Junior year found us still fewer in number, but it is "quality and not quantity" that counts. By far the most important incident of our Junior career was the Junior Prize Essay Contests. The contestants won

for themselves undying fame, and gave the judges a difficult task to select the winners. The first prize was finally awarded to one of the members of the weaker sex, then residing on upper Spring street, while the violinist of the class was awarded second honor.

"The girls of the school proved their true democratic and patriotic spirit during this year by sewing and making Red Cross garments; while the boys "did their bit" by making and selling Red Cross Cook Books. The proceeds of these sales were contributed to the Windsor Locks Branch of the Red Cross.

"On May 3rd, a Red Cross entertainment was given in Memorial Hall by the members of the school. On that memorable event, the High School Double Male Quartet made its initial appearance, and took the audience by storm. That evening's performance was a great success, and we were able to give to the Red Cross the sum of ninety dollars.

"Our patriotism did not wane when school closed for the summer vacation, but be it known for all time, that every member of the class of 1919 of the Windsor Locks High School manifested loyalty to our country by working instead of "loafing" during the summer months, thus materially aiding the labor shortage which was a rather serious problem in this vicinity.

Are you wearying, my hearers, of the story of this remarkable class? Let not your interest wane for we are now approaching the account of the last and most serious year which the young people of this class spent under the roof of the Windsor Locks High School.

"Our Senior year was one of marked importance; a year of history making. The first event of note was a class meeting, held for the purpose of electing officers.

"To begin with, we were criticised by some of the underclassmen, as "slow," but rest assured that where work was concerned, we were not slow, for our slogan was "Work before Pleasure." The clouds of war which hovered over the country cast a shadow on social activities of all sorts, at least for a time, and so it was not until February that the class of 1919 assumed a brighter aspect and gave a Reception and Dance which afforded much pleasure to all who attended, and gave us the opportunity of placing \$77.25 in our Treasury.

Our Dance proved such a decided success we voted to give another entertainment in the form of an extremely interesting moving picture—Robinson Crusoe. We had

such an appreciable audience the first night that we were compelled to request a second performance of the pictures to accommodate the public.

"The Senior Whist, on April 22d, was another occasion where an enjoyable evening was spent by lovers of whist playing, and \$15.00 was added to our growing class fund.

"A day which shall be ever fresh in the memories of the class of 1919 was the day of the Senior party held at the home of Mrs. K. B. Leary, on June 7th. Prominent among the games of the day was the old favorite pastime of fortune telling. Bright futures and otherwise were predicted for the members of our class by members of the High School Faculty.

And thus, we, the class of 1919, of the Windsor Locks High School bring to a close this record which we feel will, and should be preserved for all posterity, and we hereby lay away in the archives of Memorial Tower, this parchment. May future classes of the Windsor Locks High School so live and so work that they will never be ashamed nor reluctant to write and lay away the record of their Class History! And so we bid farewell to Windsor Locks High School—our Alma Mater!"

MAE E. NUGENT, '19.

AMERICANIZATION.

In the strife of new forms of government with the old, in the clash of democracy with autocracy, the great new constructive force is Americanization—extension of American Ideas without racial or geographic limit—partaking with all peoples at home and abroad in essential Americanism.

Americanization is the co-operative process by means of which the many peoples in our country become "One Nation," united in language, work, home ties, and citizenship, with one flag above all flags, and only one allegiance to that flag.

The problems of Americanization usually are conceived as questions of assimilation of the European alien, together with the many hundred thousands Chinese and other Asiatic immigrants, but we must also consider our home problems in Americanization. Steadily, year by year, and decade by decade, we find ourselves, as a people, becoming gradually welded into a greater unity. American ideals, while varied in the extreme, no longer are in open and angry conflict as in the days of the Civil War, and

we are becoming like-minded in our aims and purposes as a people. The Civil War united us; the World War is unifying us. During the war period, as a result of the various and disastrous war propaganda of the millions of foreigners here, the American government and people awakened to the fact that if many foreigners continue coming here as a refuge from oppression, they must be molded into a type of manhood and womanhood worthy of the emulation of all mankind, and the accomplishment of this end brings the American Government face to face with the great problem of Americanization.

Our political Constitution affords the means for ultimate freedom in the play of the forces of Americanization, for our American Constitution deliberately renounces the power to legislate concerning specified rights of the individual. No government other than that of the United States has ever admitted that there exists human rights which are unalienable. Thus no other form of government stands fully for the rights of humanity. If we suffer human rights to be invaded, it is our own fault, not the fault of our form of government, and our fault may be rectified only by cultivating a deeper intelligence among all our people. May it be said that we stand fully for human rights when we continue to permit six millions of our adults to remain unable to read and write, and so to invite that very exploitation and strife which Americanism seeks to end?

Every act of religious or civil tyranny, every economic wrong done to the races in all the world, becomes the burden of the nation to which the oppressed flee for relief and opportunity. And the beauty of democracy is that it is a method by which these needs may freely express themselves and brings about what the oppressed have prayed for and have been denied. Let us rise to an eminence higher than that occupied by Washington or Lincoln, to a new Americanism which is not afraid of the blending in the western world of races seeking freedom. Our present problem is the greatest in our history and is one that must be met with open minds and hearts free from prejudice.

The Old World calls us an uneducated race. It is true that we have not many great scholars; the reason is that we are engaged with immediate pressing problems; we apply intelligence to living issues which in other lands is applied to the Genitive and the Accusative and the Dative cases of the

Latin and Greek languages. When we look backward and consider the provision made for the intellect of the nation during the last fifty years, we claim there is no parallel to it in any country on which the sun shines.

America has been called the land of opportunity. Look at this fact in three directions only, since time will allow no more. The common workman may become, by intelligence, diligence, and by fidelity, the master workman. Cast your eyes over the land to-day and assemble the master workmen and you will find that the vast majority of them have arisen from the position of ordinary workmen to the chief places in their trade and calling. Such a call for ascension in a broad way for all competent men in the Old World is a simple impossibility. The chance does not exist there, but far in the distance is seen the bright light of freedom with its rays reaching from north to south and east to west on the whole American nation, here as nowhere else they have a chance to work out what is in them.

This is a time of heart-searching for us who have accepted America's sanctuary, and also for those born in this land of the free. To the native American there comes to-day a call to curb his individualism without sacrificing his individuality; to quicken his patriotic impulses without dulling his feeling to prepare for war, and a still more insistent call to prepare for peace—a deep downreaching peace, a high, uplifting peace.

GEORGE F. WALLACE, '19.

ESSAY AND VALEDICTORY.

"Who is the Educated Man?"

In our everyday life we become acquainted with many people of varying characteristics and habits. Whether a stranger appeals to us or not, however, we cannot help but notice what degree of intelligence he possesses. Some people are well informed about one subject, others are experts along different lines and too often one who is highly trained in his own grade of industry has only a shallow knowledge of another's work. As we realize this more and more we begin to ask ourselves the question "Who is the educated man?"

Now, what do I mean when I say "educated?" Do I refer to the amount of knowledge a person has acquired, the number of degrees he can affix to his name, his

unusual mental ability, or his skill in the higher branches of learning? No. I refer to the liberal mindedness of each and every individual, since liberal mindedness is what education should bring.

When one is acquiring an education, his moral character should also be broadened; there should be a uniform expansion. If, after spending years in study, a man's mind still runs in a narrow, self-conceited track, I regard his education as a failure, and the narrower the track the greater the failure. Let me explain my point by an illustration—a young boy living in Boston had recently graduated from Harvard when he was only fifteen years of age. People talked about him, he was proclaimed a prodigy, newspapers inserted articles concerning him, and much general and widespread interest was aroused. About six weeks ago he was implicated in a disturbance in Boston and soon found himself behind the bars. The next day one of the leading papers published an editorial affirming that he was not a prodigy after all, that he had missed the best part of education—the ability to conduct himself properly.

This illustration deals with only one side of the story—the case wherein the highly trained can prove himself really uneducated. There is yet another side to be considered—the case wherein the untrained, even to the point of illiteracy, can prove himself educated.

Many succeed without education if they "have it in them." For example, many immigrants who come to America have no education in English and, many times, little in their own tongue. They arrive on our shores with not much more than their passage money, but after about twenty years, notice the change—they own land and houses, are educating their children, and are in comfortable circumstances. If you would have proof of this look at conditions in any average town of New England.

The two illustrations which I have just given you deal only with exceptions and are not indicative of the general situation. Whom, then shall we regard as the educated man?

I heard a definition of an "educated man" quoted by a New York school principal a few years ago, and it seems strange that of all the delightful talks he gave this little phrase should hold such a grip on my mind. He said, "The best educated man is he who can do the right thing at the right time whether he wants to or not."

Given this as a standard we can easily

judge the extent of a man's education. Here is the test; you can apply it to others, also very successfully to yourself. The scope of your education, as I see it, is just in proportion to your ability to do the right thing at the right time whether you want to or not.

When we feel like doing some particular thing it is very easy to do so, but when duty points out something that we don't particularly care to do, then comes the test.

The action a man has taken who is facing such a problem shows whether or not he is educated. We all face such problems testing our education; they come up nearly every day of our lives. The way we treat the small things, which are often underestimated, is just as important as the way in which we deal with the serious questions of life. I have at times not conducted myself as might be expected of me, and I dare say some of you have not. But by always keeping in mind the true test of the educated man or woman, and thus, in the struggle that is constantly going on within us, throwing the weight of our decision on the right side, we can adapt our conduct to our own benefit as well as to the benefit of society.

In closing I believe that no words of mine could fitly create the impression that I wish you to take home with you to-night, so the best thing I can do is to repeat that complete, little phrase that the "best educated man is he who can do the right thing at the right time whether he wants to or not."

Classmates:—

As we now enter Life's School, let us not forget each other and the past pleasantly spent four years, but let us part, aware that our days at the W. L. H. S. have been used to advantage, and with a feeling of gratitude to all who have made it possible for us to receive the benefits of an education. Let us try in the future to make our Alma Mater as proud of us as we are of her. We bid you farewell.

FRED W. WARNS, '19.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS LARNED.

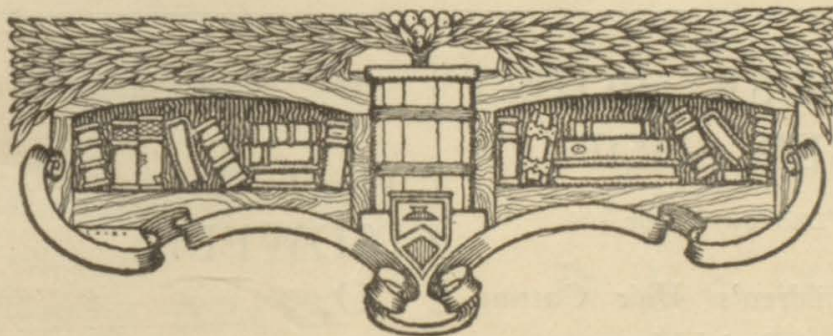
(Especially by the Seniors).

Taking the results of two or three experiences and combining the results is called induction.

Refutation is that force of proof according to which the proposition is referred for its truth or falsity.

A luncheon was given the Senior Class, Saturday, June 7, at the home of Mrs. K. B. Leary, 60 Pearl Street, Springfield, Mass. Besides the Seniors the following guests were present: Mr. and Mrs. Leander Jackson, Miss Laura Granger, Miss Bernice Hall, Miss Marion Bulley and Miss Margaret Macdonald. A very enjoyable time was spent by all.

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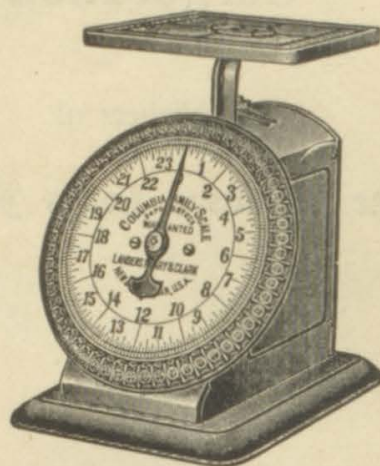
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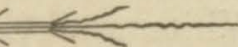
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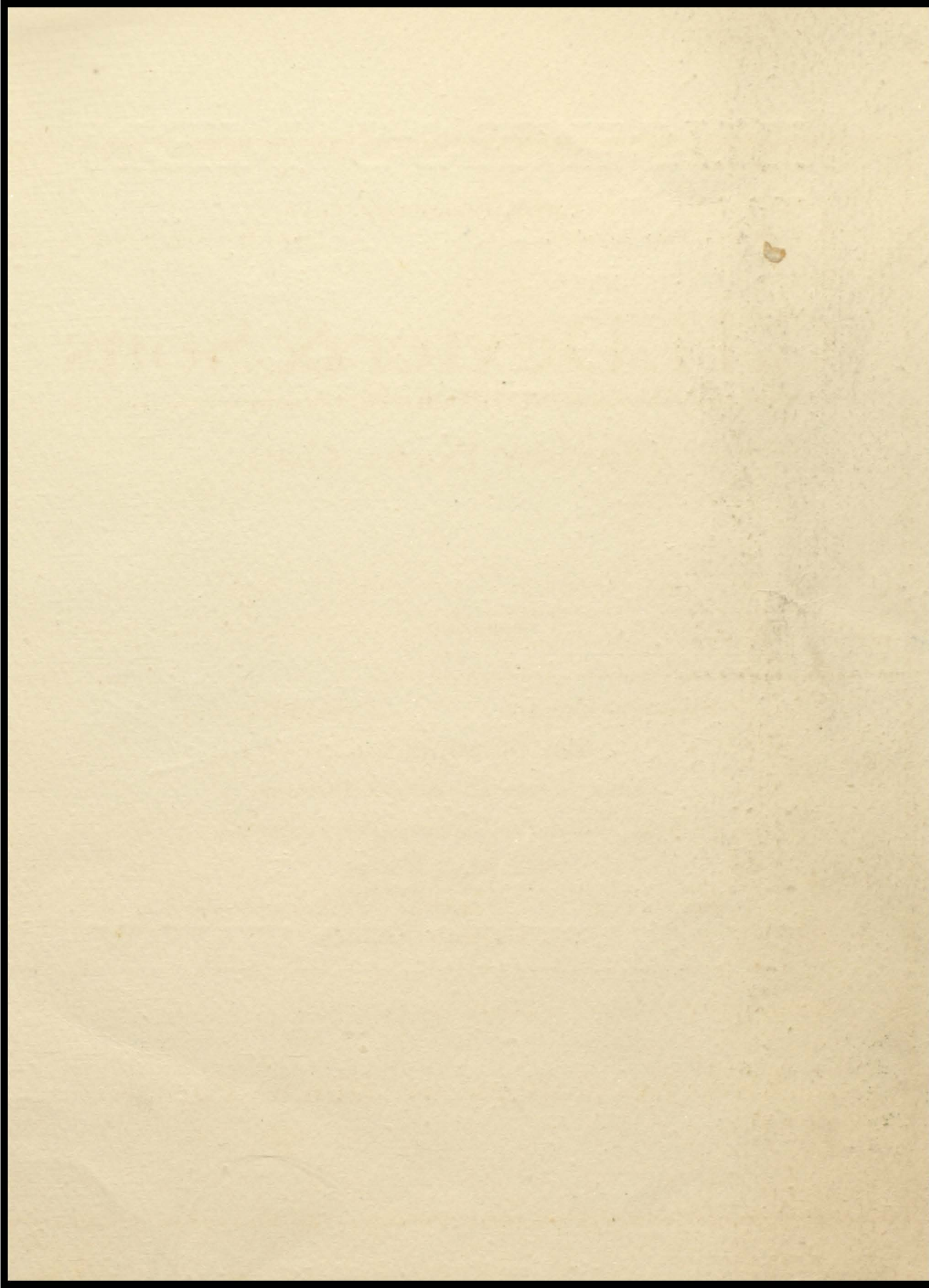
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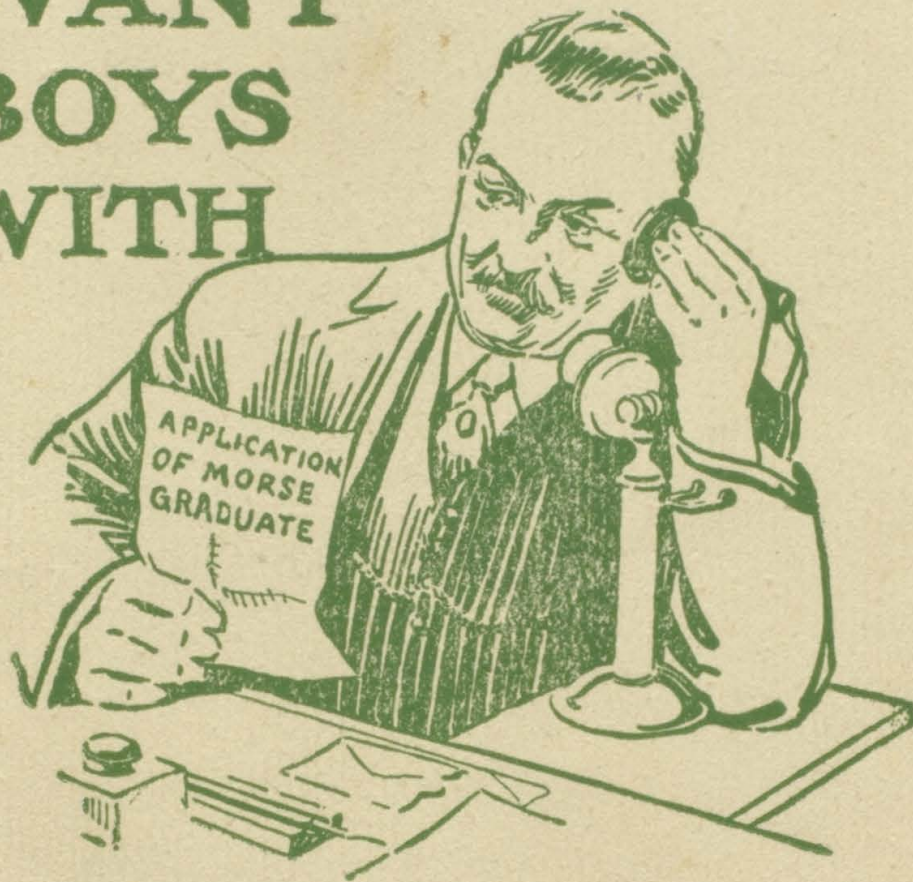
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